

Advertisements.

New Goods.
J. W. DIMOCK, MERCHANT TAILOR,
has just received from New York and Boston, the
largest and most fashionable assortment of Goods
the line that he has offered his customers for several
years. Among them are: French and American
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, and VESTINGS, of
superior color and quality, together with a general
assortment of Trimmings in his line; also super silk
suits, Gowns, Hosiery, &c. &c. We offer our Goods
at a little confidence in putting advertisements, we re-
spond to our customers at a small advance, and as we have
carefully inspected our friends to give us a call and judge
for themselves.
All garments cut and made in modern style, by com-
petent workmen.
S. S. WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—Two or three good
workmen, to make Vests and Pantaloons.
3x23

Physician and Surgeon.
C. JACKSON, M. D., late of Philadelphia respect-
fully offers his services to the citizens of Hartford
city. Having enjoyed the advantages of the
extensive practice of Pennsylvania Hospital, of the
University of Pennsylvania, and of the various
Dispensaries in that city, he feels confident of his
ability to treat diseases in any of its forms.
Office Union Hall Building, Main street, where he
will be found during the night.
Sept. 17, 1847.

NEW BOOKS.
HOW TO BE A MAN.
How to be a Lady.
Dedication of Restricted Communion, by S. Rem-
ond.
For sale by
BROCKETT & FULLER.

New and Revised Edition,
OF THE
PRACTICAL FRENCH TEACHER.
BY PROF. N. PINNEY, A.M.,
Of the Mobile Institute, Alabama.
Just published and for sale by the subscriber, No. 4
Main street, Hartford, Conn.
GURDON ROBINS.
w27

"THIRD GEN FROM THE PEOPLE'S STORE,"
for 1847.
WE HAVE DONE AS WE PROMISED,
AND IN THE CARPET AND DRY GOODS line we
have done it well.
THE FAMOUS STORE at the corner of MAIN
and WOLFE STS. in this city, has been
tried all before this Spring, and while others in the
city are complaining of "dull times," we have been
the whole and the secret is given in a few words—
we sell the goods, and we sell them cheap.
Imperial Three Ply, for 45 cents
All Wool, 42 do
4 4 Striped Vests, 16 do
and the prices can't be beat.

LIVE GEESE FEATHERS.
Best quality, 37 cents.
Customers who examine the article, look down town
he same quality, and return and buy at the People's
Store.
Sells cheaper than words, and the proof is, we
are the cheapest.

PAPER HANGINGS, LOOKING GLASSES,
—AND—
HAIR ATTACHMENTS.
offer at prices always a sale; we know
no successful competition in the city, in our line of
business, and when the older dealers call us "boys," and
by false statements to ruin our trade, we laugh at
it. We have a large assortment of goods, and
we sell them cheap; while we are backed up by the
well known fact that daily visit the "People's Store,"
we shall continue to do so; when they wish to charge
the high prices that are daily asked down town, we
will do so, and not before. We go upon the plan of
"Trade for Trade," and we sell them cheap.
All of which is respectfully submitted by the proprie-
tor of the PEOPLE'S STORE.
49

ATTA INSURANCE COMPANY,
INCORPORATED in 1819, for the purpose of insur-
ing against loss and damage by Fire only; Capital
\$100,000, secured and vested in the best possible man-
ner—offer to take risks on terms as favorable as other
companies. The business of the Company is principally
affixed to risks in the country, and therefore so de-
clares that its capital is not exposed to great losses by
speculating in foreign stocks. The Company is kept in
its new Building, next west of Treat's Exchange
House, State street, where constant attendance is
given for the accommodation of the public.
The Directors are:—
Thomas K. Brace, Robert Buell,
Samuel Tudor, Miles A. Tuttle,
Joseph Pratt, John W. Ward,
James Thomas, John L. Howland,
Ward Woodbridge, Ebenezer Flower,
Joseph Church, E. A. Bolkeley,
Silas Hamilton, Richard H. Ripley,
Frederick Tyler, Edwin G. Ripley.
THOMAS K. BRACE, President

S. L. Loomis, Secretary.
The Agra Company has Agents in most of the
cities in the State, with whom insurance can be ef-
fected.
Hartford, Jan. 1847.

DETECTION INSURANCE COMPANY—FIRE AND
MARINE.
CAPITAL \$200,000. Office No. 8 Exchange Build-
ing, North side State House Square, between U. &
and Marine streets. Hartford, will take
and Marine risks on terms as favorable as other
companies. Office open for the transaction of business
all times during the day and evening.
The following gentlemen compose the Board of Directors:
Daniel W. Clark, Wm. A. Ward,
Wm. W. Clark, John W. Ward,
Charles H. Northam, Eliza Peck,
Wm. Kellogg, Thomas Belknap,
Lemuel Humphrey, A. G. Hazard,
Benjamin W. Howe, Wm. T. Lee,
Willis Thrall, Elery Hyde.

DANIEL W. CLARK, President.
Hartford, Jan. 1847.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office North side State House Square, between U. &
and Marine streets. Hartford, will take
and Marine risks on terms as favorable as other
companies. Office open for the transaction of business
all times during the day and evening.
The following gentlemen compose the Board of Directors:
Daniel W. Clark, Wm. A. Ward,
Wm. W. Clark, John W. Ward,
Charles H. Northam, Eliza Peck,
Wm. Kellogg, Thomas Belknap,
Lemuel Humphrey, A. G. Hazard,
Benjamin W. Howe, Wm. T. Lee,
Willis Thrall, Elery Hyde.

DANIEL W. CLARK, President.
Hartford, Jan. 1847.

Farm for Sale.
THE FARM of the late Amos Stanley, of one hun-
dred and twenty acres situated in New Britain, 9
miles from Hartford, Conn., would respectfully
be divided into meadow, pasture, ploughing and
land. It has a good dwelling house, sufficiently
large for two families, convenient corncries, and a barn
and outhouses, admirably arranged, with extensive ac-
cumulations for stock, hay and grain. This affords a
rare opportunity for one wishing to buy a good farm.
Should it be too large to meet the views of any one
to purchase, a portion of it could be reserved.
For further particulars enquire of Noah W. Stanley,
the premises, or of the subscriber in the village of
Be Linn.
No. 42 W. STANLEY.

Monuments.
JESSE G. BATTEN, Marble Manufacturer,
Hartford and Litchfield, Conn., would respectfully
call the citizens of Hartford, and the public
generally, to his establishment at 23
Main street, (formerly opposite Hotel,) where he
manufactures at the lowest possible prices, all the
MONUMENTS and GRAVE STONES, of the best
Italian and Foreign Marble.
CROSS TABLES, CHURCH PIECES, MANTLES, CE-
LABLE, PILLS, BUREAU and COUNTER TOPS, of Sev-
Italian, or any other kind of Foreign Marble which
he performs executed at short notice, and in a
style of workmanship.
Persons in want of any kind of work in the Mar-
ble, are respectfully requested to call and examine
styles of workmanship before purchasing elsewhere.
Monuments delivered to any yard in the city, free
of charge.
51 Feb. 23.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY BURR & SMITH.

VOL. XXVI.

Christian Secretary.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT THE OFFICE
CORNER MAIN AND ADELPHI STREETS.

TERMS.
Subscribers in the city, furnished by the Carrier,
at Two Dollars per annum.
Papers sent by mail at \$2.00, payable in advance,
with a discount of twelve and a half per cent, to
agents becoming responsible for six or more copies.
Advertisements will be inserted at the usual rates
of advertising in this city.
All communications on subjects connected with
the paper should be addressed to BURR & SMITH,
post paid.

A Call to Preach.

What are the scriptural and definite in-
dications of a call to preach? There are
two such indications, neither of which alone
is sufficient, but, when united, are not to be
mistaken: they give personal application
of God's command to preach the gospel.
These indications I may denominate a pre-
paration in nature, and a preparation in
grace. Upon the former, that is, a pre-
paration in nature, two passages will suffice.
It is affirmed by Paul to Timothy, that "a
bishop must be apt to teach;" that is, he
must have a natural gift to communicate to
others what he himself knows. This is a
gift in nature. Many have it who are not
pious. It may be possessed to a greater or
less extent. It may be improved or ne-
glected; but, in order to preach, it must be
possessed.

It may be difficult to define precisely
what it is, in the structure of the human
mind, which constitutes this peculiar facul-
ty. But certain it is, that there are many
men of sound and vigorous minds, and whose
judgment may be relied upon, who are nei-
ther speakers nor writers. If, in speaking
or writing, they attempt anything more
than to state facts or to utter their wishes
or conclusions, they are at once confused,
and become more and more so as they per-
severe in the attempt. It will have been
noticed that some, even of this class, may
possess a charming gift of exhortation and
prayer, but can never preach. In exhorta-
tion or prayer, they do but state facts or
utter their wishes, and all is easy with them;
but in an attempt to preach, or to utter an
argument, they are at once confused and
unintelligible to themselves and others.—
And so stamped in the very structure of the
mind is this peculiarity, that no effort can
overcome it.

The difficulty with such minds, if I may
so express it, is this. They are utterly
wanting in the logical discernment or per-
ception of ideas. In their mental opera-
tions, they deal only with facts and conclu-
sions. They seem, indeed, often to leap
to their conclusions with a sort of instinctive
accuracy, but without having it in their
power understandingly to assign a reason
why they came to such conclusions; while
the one who is "apt to teach," discerns not
only the facts, but has a vivid and logical
perception of the connection of all the facts,
and of the relation of those facts with the
conclusion. And hence, with such a mind,
the logical perception of his theme increases
with the effort to write or speak.

The other passage to which I refer, is
found in Paul's instructions to Timothy,
concerning those he was to ordain. "And
the things which thou hast heard of me
among many witnesses, the same commit
thou unto faithful men, who shall be able
also to instruct others." The sense of this
passage differs from the other, only as it
refers to the ability arising from the pos-
session of that gift, instead of the gift it-
self. "Ability to instruct others" is the
point insisted on. On those who possess it,
should be laid his hands; not on those who
think they can preach, or desire the conver-
sion of souls, or have a wonderful dream,
or to whose mind the scriptures have
strangely occurred; but on such as are able
to instruct others also. Ability to teach is
an indispensable mark. On such only as
exhibit it should he lay his hands. It would
be useless to ordain any other. Without this,
piety or faithfulness, or all the com-
mon graces of christianity, would be in vain,
and no indication of a call to preach. A
man might with as much propriety be called
to walk without feet, to handle without
hands, or to talk without a tongue, as to
preach without the gift of which we are
speaking. But this gift alone is not a sure
indication of a call to preach; but with
the other, namely, a preparation in grace,
it is.

This preparation in grace may be more
difficult to explain, and require more care
and experience to distinguish than the other;
but it is no less definite or indispensa-
ble to a call to preach. We shall probably
find it sufficiently described in two pas-
sages of scripture. The first is in Paul's
apology for himself, in connection with the
text:—"But if against my will a dispensa-
tion of the gospel is committed unto me,"
&c.; that is, if I might paraphrase it, If,
contrary to the choice he would have made,
independent of the workings of the Spirit,
it was given to him to dispense or distrib-
ute the gospel to others. Now the ques-
tion arises, in what manner was this dispen-
sation bestowed upon him? I answer, it
was given to him in such a manner as to

ensure its dispensation. As, in lithogra-
phy, the stone itself receives the impression
it is intended to impart, even so had the
gospel been stamped upon the susceptibil-
ities of Paul's mind. His heart was so filled
with it that out of the abundance of the
heart the mouth uttered the gospel; or to
use another, and one of his own figures, he
had the treasure of the gospel in an earthen
vessel. He was filled with it, not only
with the joy, but with the matter, of it.—
That mental susceptibility which made him
"apt to teach," prepared him to grasp and
retain the logical truths of the gospel,—not
as in a book or as committed to memory,
but by a sort of moral lithography, by which
he received the impression of the gospel,
ready to communicate the same to other
minds with which he should come in con-
tact.

The other passage, to which I refer, varies
from this, in that it describes the effect
of the impression, instead of the impression
itself. It is this: "This is a true saying.
If a man desires the office of a bishop, he
desires a good work." Not that he desires
the title or the emolument of a bishop, but
his work. He desires to preach, he desires
the work for the world's sake, he would be
unhappy if he could not preach. The gospel
is in him, and it must have vent. He
travails with its utterance; he desires to
preach, not as the sick man desires to take
medicine, because on the whole it is best
to take it; but as the hungry man desires
food, because he has appetite. Not mere-
that he may do good, but because the gospel
is too good to keep. He feels included
to tell it, whether it will do good or not.
If he open his mouth on the subject of reli-
gion, some gospel truth leaps out. The
truth is like fire shut up in his bones, he
feels a sort of consuming necessity to let it
out; he must speak, not merely to do good
to others, but that he himself may be re-
freshed. He may feel even less concern
for sinners than others; he may shrink in
modesty from any public display. Like
Paul, he may often feel a sort of counter-
acting will; but, like Paul, he will feel
God's necessity upon him,—a necessity not
merely to talk or to exhort, but to preach
the gospel.

That natural preparation which renders
its possessor "apt to teach," and "able to
instruct others," when unsanctified, will
discover itself in a disposition to set things
right, or to relate anecdotes. He may have
no particular purpose in view by it, not even
the gratification of others. The impres-
sions made upon the peculiar susceptibil-
ities of such a mind, beget at once a ten-
dency to communicate to others. He is
moved by the thoughts themselves to their
utterance. As Dr. Young expresses it, "he
gets his inspiration in his theme."

Now let the Spirit of God enstamp the
gospel upon the susceptibilities of such a
mind, and you have a call to preach that
heaven and earth will understand. The
individual himself may be, as he usually is,
the last to understand it; but the church
will, or may, understand it. And any Tim-
othy, acting under the instructions which I
have quoted, would have no hesitation in
laying his hands upon such a one. He
could have no reasonable doubt, either of
his faithfulness or of his ability to instruct
others. The friends of Zion would hail
such an an ascension gift—a gift which
would be sure to enrich the church of God,
and bless the world.

These scriptural indications of a call to
the christian ministry are definite, and of
such a character as ordinarily to render
mistake unnecessary.—Rev. Nathaniel Col-
lier.

Weeping Ministers.

"'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
'Tis what might fill an angel's heart,
It fill a Saviour's hands."

"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion! Sound
an alarm in my holy mountain! Let the
priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep!"
This was the language of the prophet Joel
to the ministers in his day, and it is quite
applicable to us. Joel classified the peo-
ple, and no doubt it is right to classify.—
We feel lost in the crowd; but make your
selection, and then apply—the sword to
wound, or the balm to heal. First take the
elders, then the congregation, next the chil-
dren, and then the infants at the breast;—
but the ministers are the only persons com-
manded to weep—why was this? Was it
that by their sins of omission and commis-
sion they had been the chief contributors
to the nations misery, or that by their ex-
ample and influence they should be the
chief instruments in promoting a nation's
blessedness? Perhaps both. But look at
the spiritual aspects of our country, and
see if there are not *five* reasons why min-
isters should weep.

I. Because our time and our talents have
been more unreservedly consecrated to
the service of Christ.

Few pious young men enter on the sa-
cred ministry without having grand and ab-
sorbing views of the work: "Who is suffi-
cient for these things!" O how we prom-
ised others, what great things we would at-
tempt for the glory of our Master! We

remember our ordination vows, and weep.
One young man said, "If I should live to
the age of Methuselah, every day shall be
devoted to the saving of souls; and if I
had the wealth of both the Indies, every
farthing of it should be devoted to the cause
of Jesus;" but alas! how far short of this
has been the reality. Perhaps this young
man is only a picture of half the young men
who have entered on the solemn work for
the last thirty years. One hard student,
when taking a review of his life, exclaim-
ed, "I have spent all my days in laboriously
doing nothing." Others are luxuriating
over some beautifully written book, while
almost all the people *outside the study door*
are going to the devil! O how much more
might every minister have done for the real
welfare of souls, if his heart had been more
intensely consecrated to God!

II. Let the ministers of the Lord weep—
because in our ministry we have not suffi-
ciently depended on the Spirit of God.

We have had solemn lessons on this sub-
ject, from the Bible, and from our own hap-
py and painful experience, yet we have not
profited as we ought. Our creed is good
—but our practice! We say that we be-
lieve the prophet, "Not by might, nor by
power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."
We say that we believe the Saviour, "With-
out me ye can do nothing." We say that we
believe the apostle, "The Spirit quickeneth,
and we have reason to believe it; for when he
breathed on the dry bones, they lived, and
when he knocked at the heart the rock brake
in pieces, and when he touched the iceberg,
it became a *flame of fire*. Oh, yes, we have
seen it. Think of that hardened and pro-
fane young man, who became a penitent,
and then became a preacher! Think of
that sea-captain, whose ship deck almost
shook with oaths, calling his wife and chil-
dren around him to pray! and, lastly, think
of that self-righteous merchant, who sat un-
der the word unmoved for twenty years,
pricked to the heart, and his tears became
his meat for three days and three nights.—
Oh, yes, we ought to look more to the
Spirit. Experience proves that the men
who honor the Spirit most are most hon-
ored in their ministry. A warm-hearted and
devoted preacher, who works hard for God,
and depends greatly on the Spirit, is gener-
ally successful in the conversion of sinners;
and, after all, that is the chief thing. Mr.
Cecil once said, "There is a manifest want
of the Spirit on the ministry of the present
day; I feel it myself, and I see it in others;
and who that sees and feels aright will
not adopt the same language? O, let
the ministers of the Lord weep! What is
the cause of our having so small a portion
of the Spirit? God could convert a whole
congregation in one day. What hindereth?
He could come down on our Sunday-schools
as showers that water the earth, and what
hindereth? It is because the Spirit's aid
has been so feebly sought, so little depend-
ed upon? O, could we live more in the
Spirit, and walk in the Spirit, and bring
forth the fruits of the Spirit, we should see
more of his mighty working in the midst of
us. Multitudes would be added to the Lord,
both men and women.

III. Let the ministers of the Lord weep
—because we feel so little compassion for
precious souls.

All the people around us will be saved or
lost; if they are saved, it will be greatly
through our prayerful, active labors; if
they are lost, it will be chiefly through our
neglect. Paul could not write about some
of his old friends without weeping—and
why? Because they were living an ungod-
ly life. David could not look on one class
of men without saying, "Rivers of water
run down my eyes, because they keep not
thy law." And Paul's Master, and David's
Lord was so touched with compassion for
souls, that he laid down his life for them.
And are we his servants, and shall we see
the ways of Zion mourn, because her fol-
lowers are few, and not come forth to the
help of the Lord? How ought a minister
to be humbled, and mortified, and asham-
ed to see an aged sinner sitting under his
ministry for twenty years unconverted! Perhaps
he is amiable, and benevolent, and
upright; but the citadel of his heart is shut
up against Christ. He will not surrender
to the King of kings. How deplorable his
state!—yet who weeps over him?

Then, think of a young man,—educated,
accomplished, talented,—but he sits, like Je-
siah, covered with scales, and laughs at
the shaking of a spear. Oh, shall not my
soul weep in secret places over that precious
soul? It ought,—but alas, how few tears
are shed over young sinners!

These are the people who attend our
ministry; but think of the multitudes *out-
side*, who are perishing, and for whose con-
version no adequate effort is made. If it
were only one in a hundred who strayed,
what should we do? Should we not leave
the ninety and nine, and go after that which
was lost, and search diligently until we
found it? I suppose so. But it is not one
in a hundred; oh no! it is fifty, at least.—
See how they perish: "Broad is the road
wide is the gate that leadeth to destruc-
tion, and many there be which go in there-
at." And who goes out to put "the cross"

before them, to keep them back? Who
goes out into the highways and hedges, to
compel them to come in? If they come to
us, well, we will preach to them; but who
encloses "waste lands?" Who breaks up
"fallow ground?" Who ventures on the
regions of the shadow of death, and *in-
vokes a new field of labor, capable of employ-
ing and sustaining a pastor?* Who! Let the
perishing multitudes in our populous dis-
tricts speak, and let the ministers of the
Lord weep.

IV. Let the ministers of the Lord weep,
because so much of their labor is lost.

No time is so valuable as a minister's
time; no labors so important as a minis-
ter's labors. He works for eternity. Yet
how few are converted under our sermons!
We plan, we study, we read, we write, we
preach, and the people perish; and shall
we not weep? O, how the silver-tongued
prophet complained, "Who hath believed
our report? and to whom is the arm of the
Lord revealed?" Again, hear the lamenta-
tion: "All day long I have stretched
forth my hands unto a disobedient and gain-
saying people." This is the language of
bitter disappointment; and yet, if twenty,
or forty, or sixty, are converted by a year's
labors, we seem quite satisfied. It is, in-
deed, enough to call forth our praises,—
for one soul is worth a world; but we should
never be satisfied while the larger half in
our congregation are unconverted. O sin-
ners! dear, unconverted sinners! our neigh-
bors and friends, you are the persons who
trouble us. It is you make us weep.
Your case is very alarming, and we do not
feel enough about you.

V. Let the ministers of the Lord weep,
because they must appear as witnesses at
last against some who were the constant
hearers, and perhaps their kindest friends.

Brethren! we must give up an account
about ourselves, and we must give up our
account about you. Perhaps there will be
nothing so overwhelming at the judgment-
seat of Christ as the meeting of a minister
and his congregation. Some will be his
glory and joy; others will be condemned,
because they believed not the gospel. Our
connection is not one of small importance.
It must not be treated lightly. Think of
our meeting! See the Judge appear! Hear
him ask the preacher, "Dost thou warn,
and invite, and encourage that sinner to call
on me that he might be saved?" "Yes,
Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest
that I warned him from the pulpit, I
visited him at his house, and entreated him
to be reconciled to God. He heard me,
and wept, and promised; but he halted be-
tween two opinions, and at last preferred
the world to Thee." The sinner is speech-
less; his conscience says, "It is all true."
The command is given, "Take him, ye an-
gels, bind him hand and foot, and cast him
into outer darkness; there shall be weep-
ing and gnashing of teeth." And shall not
ministers weep?

APPLICATION.

1. Behold the responsibility of the Lord's
ministers: "If thou warn the sinner and he
turn not, thou hast delivered thy soul; but
if thou warn him not, he shall die in his
iniquity, and his blood will I require at thy
hands." You ought to know this. It ought
to be perfectly understood by every one in
our congregations, that an unfaithful min-
ister will be chargeable with the blood
of souls; and you ought to wish and expect
to be lovingly and faithfully warned.

2. How much sympathy and prayer ought
to be called forth in behalf of ministers! It
is for your children they weep. It is for
your partners they labor. It is for your pa-
rents they pray, and shall they not share
largely in your sympathy and your prayers?
Follow up our sermons with your counsels,
your prayers, and your tears. Let all
in your house feel how tenderly you sym-
patize with the minister.

3. How churches and ministers ought to
co-operate in the great work of saving
souls? Ministers ought to weep, and the
tears of the saints ought to flow, at our mu-
tual neglect. Brethren! our own hearts
condemn us. We stand self-convinced.—
We have not united in this work as we
ought. O, then, let us wake up now, and
see what can be done.

4. If ministers ought to weep, and pious
parents and friends ought to weep, what
ought you to feel, who are the chief objects
of our solicitude? If the righteous scarcely
be saved, where will you appear? O,
what will become of you, if you continue to
neglect the great salvation! O, ye young
men! do not shut your ears to the voice of
mercy. Hear the loving Saviour, "My
son, give me thy heart!" Obey the call;
run to the Saviour; become his youthful
followers; it will render you happy now,
and happy forever. O, ye young women!
behold a bright example in the youthful
Mary, of whom the Saviour said, "She
hath chosen the good part, which shall not
be taken away from her." Many have imi-
tated her example. O, let us have joy in
you all as followers of the Lamb, that if we
weep about you, it may be tears of joy.—
Ye unconverted old people! O, let us have
joy in you also, and let it be soon: "To-
day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not
your heart." Some of your own age have

sought and found mercy. Come, then, and
trust the Saviour now, that at last, we may
present "every man perfect in Christ Jesus."
Amen.—REV. R. KNEEL, in London Econ.
Magazine.

Suspension of the Spirit's Influences.

AS IT AFFECTS OUR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The great work of preaching the gospel
to every creature, in which the church is
now engaged, must in all its branches ad-
vance or recede, as the Holy Spirit is given
or withheld. It can neither be sustained
by the contributions at home, nor in the
success of missions abroad, without the
agency of the Spirit. The vigorous pulse
of benevolent feeling, which fills the mis-
sionary treasury, and the spirit of prayer in
the church will die out, in proportion as
the Holy Spirit is withdrawn. Though the
wealth of the church should increase, her
donations will decrease as she becomes cold,
worldly, and selfish, and loses her impres-
sion of eternal realities. Our feeling that
the heathen and the benighted Papists need
the gospel, and our zeal in giving it to
them, are elevated or depressed with our
realizations of eternity.

It was the outpouring of the Spirit that
sent the first Christians every where preach-
ing the word; and in modern times, it was
the outpouring of the Spirit that gave to the
church the impulse for the renewal of the
work of evangelizing the world. And the
continuance and advance of the work, must
be by a continuance and increase of spiri-
tual influence. Indeed, the very existence
of the church as a spiritual structure, de-
pends on a constant flow of vital energy
from the Spirit. Her every living mem-
ber lives in the breathing of the Spirit of
life; and every instance of conversion, and
all progress in sanctification, are proofs
that the Spirit is not wholly withdrawn.—
But something more than this is needed to
put forward with power the broad work of
the world's redemption. The Spirit must
be poured out from on high, in that plenti-
tude and variety of gifts, corresponding
with the magnitude of the work to be done.

So eminently is the work of missions the
Spirit's work, that those whose creed knows
not whether there be any Holy Ghost, are
invariably so conscious of a want of any
adequate power to convert the heathen,
that they either do not venture into the
field, or soon see reason to abandon it.—
And that class of professed Christians who
scorn the work of converting the heathen,
are those who teach no reliance upon the
Spirit;—while those persons who have been
the most successful laborers in this work,
have placed in this reliance their hope and
their strength. We have an instance in
Brunner, long and patiently laboring with-
out effect, yet preaching the same doctrines
with which afterwards the Spirit wrought
with power. And when the Spirit came
down, melting the hardest hearts, there
was a greater than Brunner there. It was
the Spirit of God that made the little spot
on which he bestowed his labors wet with
the dew of heaven, while all around was
 parched and drought.

But if the Holy Spirit be the life of the
missionary work, the work will die out in
proportion as the Spirit is withdrawn from
those engaged in it. It has been a consoling
thought, that while our churches have
had so little revival, our missions abroad
have had so great success. But such a
state of things cannot long continue—for
a spiritual death at home will quench the
spirit of prayer for the heathen, and crum-
ple the resources of the missions, and leave
them to die for want of support.—N. E.
Paritan.

Insignificance of this Earth.

BY DR. CHALMERS.

Though the earth were to be burned up,
through the trumpet of its dissolution were
sounded, though you sky were to pass
away as a scroll, and every visible glory
which the finger of the Divinity has inscrib-
ed on it were extinguished forever—an
event so awful to us, and to every world
in our vicinity, by which so many scenes
of life and population would rush into for-
getfulness—what is it in the high scale of
the Almighty's workmanship?—a mere
shred, which, though scattered into nothing,
would leave the universe of God one
entire scene of greatness and of majesty.—
Though the earth and the heavens were to
disappear, there are other worlds which roll
afar; the light of other suns shine upon
them; and the sky which mantles them, is
garmented with other stars. Is it presum-
ption to say that the moral world extends to
these distant and unknown regions? that
the charities of home and of neighborhood
flourish there? that the praises of God are
there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced
in? that there piety has its temples and its
offerings? and the richness of the divine
attributes is there felt and admired by in-
telligent worshippers?

And what is this world in the immensity
which teems with them; and what are they
who occupy it? The universe at large
would suffer as little in its splendor and

variety by the destruction of our planet, as
the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest
would suffer by the fall of a single leaf.
The leaf quivers on the branch which it
ports it. It lies at the mercy of the slight-
est accident. A breath of wind tears it
from its stem, and it lights on the stream
of water which passes underneath. In a
moment of time the life which we know by
the microscope it teems with, is extinguished;
and an occurrence so insignificant in the
eye of man, and on the scale of his ob-
servation, carries in it to the myriads which
people this little leaf, an event as terri-
ble and as decisive as the destruction of the
world. Now, on the grand scale of the
universe, we, the occupiers of this ball
which performs its little round among the
stars and systems that astronomy has unfol-
ded—we may feel the same littleness and
the same insecurity. We differ from the
leaf only in this circumstance, that it would
require the operation of greater elements
to destroy us. But these elements exist.
The fire which rages within may lift its
devouring energy to the surface of our plan-
et, and transform it into one wide and wa-
sting volcano. The sudden formation of
elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—
and it lies within the agency of known sub-
stances to accomplish this—may explode it
into fragments. The exhalation of nox-
ious air from below may impart a virulence
to the air that is around us; it may affect
the delicate proportion of its ingredients,
and the whole of animated nature may
wither and die under the malignity of a
tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may
cross this fated planet in its orbit, and real-
ize all the terrors which superstition has
conceived of. We cannot participate with
precision the consequences of an event
which every astronomer must know to lie
within the limits of chance and probability.
It may hurry our globe towards the sun, or
drag it to the outer regions of the planetary
system, or give it a new axis of revolution
—and the effect, which I will simply an-
nounce without explaining it, would be to
change the place of the ocean, and bring
another mighty flood upon our islands and
continents.

These are changes which may happen in
a single instant of time, and against which
nothing known in the present system of
things provides us with any security. They
might not annihilate the earth, but they
would unpeople it, and we, who tread its
surface with such firm and assured foot-
steps, are at the mercy of devouring ele-
ments, which, if let loose upon us by the
hand of the Almighty, would spread soli-
tude, and silence, and death over the de-
mitions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness and this inse-
curity, which make the protection of the Al-
mighty so dear to us, and bring with such
emphasis to every pious bosom, the holy
lessons of humility and gratitude. The
God who sitteth above, and presides in high
authority over all worlds, is mindful of man,
and though at this moment his energy is
felt in the remotest provinces of creation,
we may feel the same security in his pro-
vidence, as if we were the objects of his un-
divided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to

Christian Secretary.

HARTFORD, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

Political Sermons.

When we wrote the brief article last week about political sermons on Thanksgiving day, we supposed that we stood alone in our opinion, so general was the censure of the religious papers upon the Governor of Maine for his didactic remarks on this point. Whether the Governor of Maine designed to dictate to the ministers of Maine the topics on which he wished them to preach or not, we are unable to say, but we think he merely intended to recommend the course which he would be pleased to have them pursue. But whether this is so or not it makes but little difference with the truth of the point at issue. The observance of a public thanksgiving appears to us to be perfectly plain and simple; it consists in giving thanks to Almighty God and recounting the manifold mercies which he has vouchsafed to sinful man—not in creating sectional or party jealousies.—We were pleased to find in the last *Religious Herald* of this city the following communication touching this subject.

"The season of the year is at hand when the people of many of our States are wont to observe a public thanksgiving to God for the blessings of another year. His Excellency, the Governor of Maine, however, seems to have given offense to many, because he has seen fit to recommend in his Proclamation that the day be kept free from all political harangues or exhibitions of sectarian zeal. For one I commend him for his suggestion, and would commend it to all, and more especially to the ministers of religion. It seems to me that many of the clergy have greatly erred in regard to the due observance of these thanksgiving Anniversaries. They have made two mistakes. The one is in supposing that what are commonly called political discourses are not appropriate for the Sabbath; the other mistake is in supposing that such discourses are appropriate for a day of public religious thanksgiving. For my own part, I can not see why any and every sinful practice should be pointed out and rebuked on the Sabbath, if it is proper to rebuke it at all. I can not see why a Christian minister is not as truly concerned with and as much bound to bear testimony against public as individual sins. I can not see why it is not as proper for him to expose a sin in the sphere of politics as in the sphere of merchandise. If he may declare on the Sabbath and in the sanctuary that it is the duty of all to deal fairly with each other and to wrong no one his neighbor, then why may he not ascend another step and declare that slavery is contrary to the precepts and principles of true religion? If he may harangue his audience upon the command, 'thou shalt not kill,' why may he not denounce war, which is only killing by wholesale and upon the smallest provocation? If it is proper for him to take for his text, 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men,' why may he not on the Lord's day advocate the political equality and the common rights and privileges of all? It seems to me to be giving up his right and shrinking from his duty when a Christian minister does not allow these and kindred topics a place in his religious discourses upon the Sabbath.

"But as to the other mistake which I have named, I cannot bring myself to think that a day designed and appointed for the purpose of expressing thanks to a bountiful and divine Benefactor is a fit occasion for indulging in rebuke or denunciation of any sort. To use a plain illustration, it is too much like a common school-teacher inviting his pupils to engage with him in a holiday sport, and when they meet him for the purpose, giving them all a severe chastisement. It is only those of a better than ordinary stamp of piety, who are ready to devote a secular day to the purpose of divine worship and public expressions of thankfulness to God; and therefore if a day appointed for this purpose, is to be so used by others, it would seem most judicious to hold up the goodness and bounty of God, to dwell upon instances of his favor, and to speak of our sins as a people or as individuals only incidentally and for the purpose of showing the goodness of God the more impressively.

"I do hope that, for the best enjoyment of our coming Thanksgiving day, our ministers will forbear to indulge in any direct rebuke or denunciation. And if they are anxious to talk of Slavery or the Mexican War, and yet can not persuade themselves that it is best to treat of them on the Sabbath, let me suggest for their consideration that both Slavery and the Mexican War, are likely to last until another Fast day, and will then probably be all the riper for attack."

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society for a further increase of their missionary force, and were men and means forthcoming, fifty more could at once be employed. The "Watchman" says truly:

"Never were the heathen, throughout the world, so willing to receive missionaries, and to listen to their teaching. Witness the country of Ashanti, Yoruba, Dallom, and other parts of Western Africa, and the interior nations of the Southern portion of that vast continent; not to insist on India, open to the labor of the Christian teacher; or on the openings in Australia and Feejee, and last, though not least, in the empire of China. Never were there such facilities as at the present time for conveying missionaries throughout the world, and of maintaining a communication with them for their support and comfort."

Is there not abundant reason for speedy action on the part of the churches? The Macedonian cry comes to us from all parts of the world, "Come over and help us." "The fields are all white for the harvest," while a voice from heaven seems to say to a sleeping church, "why stand ye here all the day idle?"

Massachusetts Baptist Convention.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Baptist State Convention was held with the Baptist Church in Springfield, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. We are not able to give the first days proceedings of the meeting, the communication which we expected from a gentleman who was present having failed to reach us. We are only able to state that the sermon was preached by the Rev. R. W. Cushman, of Boston, from I. Cor. 1: 23: "But we preach Christ crucified unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness." A friend who was present on the second day of the meeting has kindly furnished us with the following sketch of the proceedings.

On entering one of the nearest church edifices in this section of the country, we found Rev. Mr. Barnaby addressing the Convention, in behalf of the N. E. S. Union, in a very forcible and frequently eloquent discourse, which was listened to by an intelligent and attentive audience, and certain resolutions in favor of the cause, were unanimously passed.

Rev. Mr. Seaver then introduced a resolution or two for the A. & F. Bible Society, which were advocated, briefly but strongly, by Rev. Dr. Babcock of New Bedford, and Rev. D. L. Brayton of Burmah, and adopted. The Home Mission Society was then most ably represented by its agent, Rev. C. Morton, with a response from Rev. J. W. Parker of Cambridgeport. The last hour of the afternoon session was occupied in a discussion of matters more particularly pertaining to the Convention's grand object, Domestic Missions. Our brethren of Massachusetts are doing well—much better than a few years since—and their anniversary meetings are much better attended.

Thursday evening was devoted to the Foreign Mission subject, when each of four missionary brethren bade farewell to the crowded congregation in a short address, and having been committed to the grace of God, they were assured of sympathy, prayers and co-operation, in a very affecting manner, by Dr. Babcock, in behalf of the Convention, who gave the right hand of fellowship.—Br. Brayton's returns to his chosen field of labor among the Sho Karens, after a temporary absence, occasioned by the illness of his wife, who remains in this country a while longer. Mr. Moore, of Cincinnati, and his wife, go out afresh to take Br. Bullard's place, in the vicinity of Maulmain. He is a young man, just graduated at the Covington Theological Institution. Brethren Danforth and Stoddard, with their wives, are destined to Assam, and sailed, with the others, doubtless, Tuesday of this week in the ship Cato, from Boston. These young men are all well educated, deeply pious, and truly promising. May the great Head of the church abundantly bless them. At the close of the services, the Farewell Hymn having been sung, the missionaries stood in front of the pulpit and gave the parting hand to all who coveted the privilege, which the multitude embraced with the kindest wishes and the tenderest adieu. ROYAL.

We copy the following sensible communication from the Journal of Commerce. The writer appears to be not only familiar with the state of things in Italy, but takes a common sense view of the future prospect of things.

State of Things in Italy.

Messrs. Editors.—Most certainly the state of things in Italy is alarming enough. Who would have thought two years ago that such a state of things could by any contingency arise? But so it is.

I remember that when standing, some four years ago and more, on the top of the Capitol at Rome, in company with a very intelligent gentleman of that city, I asked him what he thought of the political state of Italy. I said to him, everything appears to be quiet; I can see no signs of any speedy movement. "That is true," said he. "You see how quiet this city of Rome is at this moment, basking in an August sun. There is at this hour, [noon] scarcely any thing, man or beast, in motion; all is still. And yet you may not reach Geneva, [whither I was going] before some outbreak takes place here." "You were down at Naples the other day," he continued; "were you not?" I answered, "Yes." "And did you see Vesuvius?" "Yes, certainly," I replied. "And was there any eruption taking place?" "No, there was only a little column of smoke issuing from the crater, and this was the only thing that indicated that there were volcanic fires in that mountain." "Yes," said he, "and yet before a month passes, that mountain and the country around, may be shaken to its centre by the heaving of hidden fires. Just so it is with Italy. There is a moral Vesuvius under all this country." I now believe it all. There have been hidden fires for a long time beneath all Italy, ready to burst forth when the day might arrive for the event. That day has now come.

It is indeed wonderful that such a man as Mastai Ferretti should be chosen Pope. This was owing, under God, to the influence of old Cardinal Gizzi, who would himself have been elected had not the Austrian influence been too strong for it in the College of Cardinals. Failing to be chosen himself, Gizzi proposed that Mastai should be chosen, and chosen he was, almost by acclamation. Gizzi knew the man, nor has he been deceived. Mastai, under the name of Pius IX., has done all that Gizzi could have done, and perhaps more.

I was in Italy shortly after the election of Pius IX. The whole country, and especially the people of his own little kingdom—for you must know that the successor of poor Peter the Fisherman, reigns as King over somewhat less than three millions of people—was intoxicated with joy. Nor have they been disappointed. His Holiness has gone on from one step to another—reforming abuses, relieving burdens, appointing laymen to many political places in his kingdom, calling upon the "orders" of the "regular clergy," (as the Monks are called,) to become at length what they were designed to be, and taking steps which look ultimately to a "Constitution" and Legislative body.

All this gives offence to Austria. The almost free press of Rome annoys that Government. She tries to produce a reaction at Rome itself, against the proceedings of the Pope. She advances troops across the Po, takes possession not only of the city and other fortresses in Ferrara, but also of the old city itself. The papal Legate protests with vigor against this proceeding, but in vain. This movement has aroused all Rome, and even waked up other parts of Italy. The People sympathize with the Pope, and everywhere demand political reforms. The King of Sardinia even anticipated the people of his kingdom. He espouses the cause of Pius IX., and offers the assistance of his fleet (he has a very small one) and his army to the Pope. The Dukes of Tuscany and Lucera yield their adhesion, but reluctantly, especially the latter. Naples must follow, or encounter all the horrors of a civil war. And I think that in the end, intimidated by the bold front which Italy presents, and influenced, perhaps, by the bold and mainly republican Lord Palmerston, Austria will recede.

Austria does not wish to risk a general war. She is not unaware of the very slight hold she has on Hungary and other countries peopled by Slavonic tribes. It will not do for her to go too far. If she should overrun Italy with her armies, France would throw off the dynasty of Louis Philippe, if she could not otherwise get at her. Austria meddles enough in the affairs of Italy; let her not go further. She must withdraw her troops from the southern bank of the Po. She has no business there. And she will withdraw her troops, as you will see presently. But what if she does? Is there not danger that she will invade again before long? Most certainly there is. For as surely as the Pope gives his people a Constitution and a Legislature, every other ruler in Italy, be he a king or a duke, must follow his example. The freedom of the press must come along in this movement. Will Austria allow all this? We shall see. Depend upon it, the Pope has applied the torch which will set all Italy on fire before long. There is no going back now without the flowing of much blood! And to go forward will cause blood to flow, unless the voice of England should be heeded by Austria. Go which way matters may in Italy, there will not be quiet there for many a day. But God will overrule all for the progress of his gospel, and the best interests of mankind. This is my unwavering hope.

It was my intention to say a word about the state of things in Spain, but I shall postpone doing so until it be ascertained whether a "certain event" is likely to happen. Should the poor queen be blessed with offspring, as the papers intimate there is some prospect—but of which I have strong doubts—Louis Philippe, Queen Christina, and their wicked and worthless instruments, may yet be dispossessed in their infernal plan of causing her to abdicate in favor of her sister, the Duchess of Montpensier—a movement which would put a grandson of Louis Philippe on the throne of Spain. O intriguing, crafty old man! Thou art deep in thy schemes. But thou forgettest that there is One higher, greater than thou. Thy schemes will fail, because they are founded in injustice. Thy hopes will all be blasted one day—and that perhaps not far distant."

Interesting Services.

The solemn and interesting services incident to the ordination of Rev. Appleton H. Danforth, and the designation of Messrs. Danforth, Wm. Moore, and Ira J. Stoddard with their wives, as missionaries under the auspices of the American Baptist Missionary Union, took place at the First Baptist Church in this town, Tuesday afternoon.

The sermon was by Rev. Dr. Sharp, of Boston, from Acts xi: 13, 14, and was a powerful and impressive discourse of the word of God, as the divinely and wisely appointed instrumentality by which sinners are saved. The subject was peculiarly appropriate to the occasion, and was strikingly illustrative of the importance of a personal acquaintance with the Word of God, in order to be saved by it. At the close of the sermon, the ordaining prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Tracy, of West Boylston, and in connection with the laying on of hands, was a solemn and interesting part of the ceremony.

After the foregoing exercises, the following original hymn, written for the occasion by Charles Thurber, Esq., was sung by the choir:

On Assam's sunny breezes,
The Christians cry comes home,
Haste, haste thou man of Jesus,
O! why delay to come?
Here millions rush benighted,
To death's unbroken gloom;
Haste, tell how Christ has lighted,
The pathway to the tomb.

The altars, they have made them,
The idols, kneel before—
Too late—they cannot aid them,
And death has seized the door;
Where shall they find another,
O! where, for succor fly,
Haste, haste, and tell them, brother,
There's one can save on high.

Here comes no Sabbath morning,
Here sounds no Sabbath bell,
No friend to speak the warning,
Or glorious promise tell;
Ye've had that tale of gladness,
And heard it many a year,
Come to this land of sadness,
And bid them listen here.

Haste, brethren, haste, nor tarry,
Though tenderest ties may part,
The joyous news to carry,
To many a weary heart,
Ye have a heaven to offer,
A hell to bid them fly;
For this 'tis sweet to suffer,
And heaven itself to die.

The charge and instructions were delivered by Rev. S. Peck, Secretary of the Board, after which the right hand of fellowship and the parting address were given by Rev. Mr. Swain of this town. This was an affecting scene, and the large audience that filled the house were moved with emotions of solemn and intense interest, while the speaker uttered his farewell words to those destined so soon to leave their country and their endearments for a field of self-denying labor and privation. The following parting lines, written by H. S.

Washington, Esq., were then sung, and the services were concluded with prayer and benediction. Farewell! with strong faith in the crucified Saviour.

Whose last great commission we gladly obey,
We go—never doubting his mercy will ever
Sustain us, tho' trials encompass our way.

Dear land of our fathers! with earnest emotion
We turn to the nations far over the sea;
God hasten the day, when the Sun of Salvation
Shall shine on all lands, as it shineth on thee.

The fields of labor to which these missionaries are set apart, are connected with the Burmah mission, and they are to sail for their destination on Tuesday next, from Boston.—*Forrester Telegraph.*

Ordination.

By the request of the Baptist church in Milford, an Ecclesiastical Council convened with the 2d church to examine Bro. Geo. W. Davis, and if deemed expedient, to publicly set him apart to the work of the Gospel ministry by Ordination, as pastor of the church. The Council was organized by appointing Bro. Wm. Reid, Moderator, and Bro. Wm. Denison, Clerk.

After listening to a statement of the church, that they had called Bro. Davis to be their pastor, and that he had been received into their fellowship on satisfactory testimonials, the Council proceeded to hear Bro. Davis in relation to his Christian experience, call of God to the work of the Ministry, views of Gospel doctrine and practice, which being satisfactory, the Council voted unanimously to proceed to his ordination.

The public services were conducted as follows: Reading Scriptures and opening prayer, by Rev. Mr. Crane, of the Congregational church.

Sermon, by Bro. C. Billings Smith, pastor of the 2d Baptist church, New Haven, founded on I Chron. 12: 32. Thence the Ministry we need.

Consecrating prayer with the laying on of hands, by Bro. Wm. Denison, pastor of the Weston Baptist church.

Charge, by Bro. S. Dryden Phelps, pastor of the 1st Baptist church, New Haven.

Hand of Fellowship to the candidate, and Charge to the Church, by Bro. Wm. Reid, pastor of the church in Bridgeport.

Concluding prayer, by Rev. Mr. Ayers, of the Methodist church.

Hymn and Benediction, by the pastor of the church. Wm. Reid, Moderator.

Wm. Denison, Clerk.

The Onderdonk Case.

The General Episcopal Convention, whose deliberations in the Onderdonk affair have created some excitement, has finally adjourned, after adopting in substance the proposed canons which we have already published. There was a difference of opinion between the two houses, the bishops adopting amendments which the delegates refused to accept. The bishops finally yielded to the delegates by striking out an objectionable sentence.—The business was left with the Board of bishops for decision. The Journal of Commerce of Saturday last says:

"The Bench of Bishops of the Episcopal Church, having under consideration the letter of Bishop Onderdonk, complaining of injustice, &c., have reaffirmed the sentence, or expressed their approbation of it, 17 to 6. They have also given Bishop O. leave to withdraw his letter, with a pretty distinct opinion that there is no prospect at all of his restoration. Bishop Chase, of New Hampshire, did not vote, and Bishops Potter, of Penn., and Smith, of Kentucky, were absent."

"We are happy to learn that the discipline which has been exercised towards the late Bishop Onderdonk, of Pennsylvania, has had the effect of working a thorough reformation in him as to the practices which caused him to be deposed."

Annual Meeting of the Conn. Washington Total Abstinence Society.

With the advice of the Hon. A. T. Judson, Hon. Thos. Clark, Hon. Chas. Bakleslee, R. Hudson, A. M. Frank, Esq., Vice Presidents, I do hereby give notice that the Annual Meeting of the Society, will be held at Norwich, on Wednesday, the 10th day of November next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

At this time it is deemed of the utmost importance that a full delegation appear; for at no period in the progress of this highly important Society, has the combined influence and wisdom of the friends of the Temperance cause, been needed, as at the present moment, for it may in no small degree, depend upon the action of the coming meeting, whether this deadly Upas tree, shall grow and flourish on the soil of Connecticut, spreading misery, poverty, and ruin, under its shade, and causing untold sorrows, pining sicknesses, and horrible deaths to multiply in the land, and interperence with its thousand curses to stalk abroad unchecked; or, whether the tide of evil shall be stayed, and a deadly blow be given to this monster of iniquity, and happiness, prosperity, and plenty, again crown our mountain tops, and flow down our fertile valleys, gliding smoothly along our peaceful rivers, making glad the hearts of many a wretched family, and blessing our race with long life, and saving hundreds from a premature grave, and delivering thousands from death eternal, and lifting high a beacon light warning the coming generation of the danger of the free or moderate use of alcoholic drinks.

Let all the wise and the good come up to this anniversary meeting; let there be an impetus given to the Temperance cause in this State, that politicians will no longer fear to meet this subject, boldly and manfully, but, demand of their legislators such laws, as shall effectually destroy the accursed traffic. Let Judges and Lawyers, Clergymen and Doctors, churches and congregations, of every sect and party, come, and "with a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether," rejoice in the demolition of this ancient temple consecrated to Bacchus, upon whose altars more human beings have been sacrificed, than has ever fallen of those deluded victims of Juggernaut, under his ponderous car.

The attendance of the Hon. Wm. Slade, Esq., Governor of Vermont, and John Hawkins, Esq., one of the famous five, who founded the first Washingtonian Society, in Baltimore, have been secured, and other distinguished gentlemen will be present and address the meetings. Ample accommodations will be furnished for the delegates by the friends of Temperance in the city.

A. F. WILLIAMS, President of the Conn. W. T. A. Society.

Farmington, Oct. 25, 1847.

Rev. Dr. Patton, pastor of the Spring St. Presbyterian church, N. Y., has announced to his people his resignation of the pastoral office.

Butternuts, N. Y., Oct. 1847.

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Bishop Doane.

An incident headed "Turning Scriptures to Good Account," in which Bishop Doane is represented as having been pretty faithfully rebuked for introducing wine and other liquors at his table, was copied from an exchange paper into the Secretary a few weeks since. We now see it stated under the authority of the bishop that the story is entirely without foundation. Although it did not originate with us, it is but a simple act of justice to Bishop Doane so far as we have been concerned in giving the story publicity to make this counter statement.

Public High School.

At a meeting of the Committee appointed at the annual meeting of the First School Society, to organize and take charge of the Public High School, held at the office of the Hon. A. M. Collins, Nov. 1st, 1847, it was

Voted, That the High School be opened for the reception of pupils on Monday the 22nd inst.

Voted, That the Clerk give notice through the public papers to the members of the first school society of the above vote and also that all parents and guardians who desire to avail themselves of the benefits of the institution be requested to leave the names of their children and wards, whom they deem qualified to enter the School, at the store of Belknap & Hamersley, on or before the

China, which gives a better view of that hitherto comparatively unknown and unvisited empire than anything we have seen. For sale at \$6.

News of the Week.

From the Boston Traveller.

DREADFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—

A gentleman who arrived in the cars this morning, from Vermont, gives us the following account of a fearful and fatal railroad accident, which occurred about sunset last evening, in the vicinity of Royalston, Mass., between the Vermont and Massachusetts Road freight train, consisting of an engine and two flat loads loaded with miller's river, was crossing a new bridge built over Miller's River, when the bolts which were intended to fasten the iron rods to the bottom of the bridge, together with the engine and cars, were precipitated into the river. Mr. Charles Field, an engineer upon the road, states that the accident occurred on a bridge between South Royalston and North Royalston, where there is a sharp curve, near B. & Stone; that it had been carefully examined previous to passing over it, and believed to be perfectly safe; and that the cause of the accident was the imperfect fitting of the iron used for the rods in the center of the bridge. Six persons are known to have been killed, viz.: Mr. Woodbury, the engineer, Mr. Benjamin King, of West Acton, (who left a wife and three children), Mr. Thompson, of Acton, Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, formerly of West Acton, and another, name unknown.

Mr. Whitmore, ticket master at Baldwinville, has heard reports; also Mr. Caldwell, regular passenger, from the last injury, and is getting along very comfortably. The fall was about 40 feet, and the engine and cars still remain in the river. If there are more men and bodies, they are beneath the cars.

MURDER IN CLEVELAND, OHIO.—

We learn from the Cleveland Herald that James H. Wilson, of B. Wilson, was passing up River street in Cleveland, on the evening of the 23d inst., when he was accosted by two men, with whom he had some quarrel, and by whom he was assaulted and killed. The charge of the best surgeons, when he expired. A blow on the head, occasioning severe fracture of the skull, and infused by some far distance, occasioned the death.

Four men, Anassa Norton, Lester Norton, Nelson Rathbone and John Arnold, have been arrested on suspicion of having killed Wilson, and are now in jail awaiting an examination.

MURDER.—

The Montreal Gazette, of the 25th, gives a long account of a murder committed on the night of the 23rd evening, in Griffintown, a suburb of Montreal.

All known as yet is that as the two slain men Patrick Macneane and Luther Roberts, were going along Dalmeide street, a man encountered them, and after a brief struggle, shot him dead, one of which he deliberately shot Roberts, and with the latter Macneane, so that both died the same evening.

THE TWO GREATEST FARMS OF NEW ENGLAND ARE IN VERMONT:—

Consal Jarvis, the Connecticut agriculturist, writes to the Boston Herald, that the farms, contained in a single tract of splendid inland lands, owned by Gov. Meech, upon Lake Champlain, has a still larger farm, and more numerous cattle, sheep and horses, in a single body at Shelburne, N. Y., than all the other farms of New England, as more of better farming cultivated lands in Canada than either.—*Farmer's Monthly Visitor.*

THE GALVESTON CIVILIAN SAYS THE PROJECT OF DIVING TEXAS INTO TWO STATES HAS SOME ADVOCATES, BUT IS EVIDENTLY UNDESIRABLE AT PRESENT, AS THE POPULATION ONLY AMOUNTS TO 145,000 INHABITANTS.

A BEWIDOWED WIDOW.—

Mrs. Hoffman, of Baltimore, Md., writes to the Boston Herald, that her country in Texas, less than two years ago, in the capacity of Lieut. Col. to the 7th infantry. In the spring of 1844 she lost a son, Lieut. A. T. Hoffman, of the 23d infantry, who died of a disease contracted while on duty in California. Her husband, a burrhead, her youngest and favorite child was killed, while serving in the U. S. artillery in the capacity of lieutenant. In the same engagement she lost a son-in-law, Capt. Hoffman, of the 9th infantry, who is represented as getting on his old attainments as an officer and a gentleman.

THE WHALESHIP WILLIAM THOMPSON, CAPT. ELLIS, OF NEW LONDON, WAS PARTIALLY DAMAGED BY FIRE, WHICH BROKE OUT WHEN THE SHIP WAS ABOUT 60 MILES NORTH OF HONOLULU, THE 18TH OF APRIL LAST. LYMAN HARRIS OFFERS THE CONJECTURE THAT NATHAN SPENCER, CHARGED WITH THE INCENDIARISM.

LOOK OUT FOR SPURIOUS NOTES OF THE NEW HAVEN BANK.—

We last evening received from the cashier of the New Haven Bank, at New Haven, with a request that it might be inserted immediately for the information of the public.

New Haven Bee, Oct. 23, 1847.

In addition to the \$10 notes of this bank, which were lately detected as having been surreptitiously taken from our plate while in the hands of the printer, I have now to advise that five's and two's have also been issued, and that the train passed the date of this bank,—filling up and signatures spurious.

We shall issue no more of the notes of this plate.

Respectfully,
A. TOWNSEND, JUN., Cashier.

There are three other Banks in New Haven, viz.: City, Mechanics and County, whose bills will continue to be confounded with the above. The true bills of the new Haven Banks are as good as gold.

Mer. of Conn.

THE RAILROAD TOO SHORT.—

On Friday last, a train of ten cars loaded with wheat in bulk, came to Sandusky City at rather a rapid rate, and with successful results as to the property on board. As the train proceeded, however, the locomotive was overheated and took one track, while the train pressed on towards the warehouse. For some reason the brakes were not applied soon enough, and away went the train through the warehouse, across the tracks, and down the river bank, until it reached the water, waiting for a load-car No. 2 taking position top of No. 1, and No. 3 passing entirely across the vessel into the harbor. The vessel was loaded with heavy cargo, and the train was thrown into a good roll, and the result was, that the vessel and its cargo was rather severely injured. The loss by way of damage to the cars, spilling out of the wheat, &c. amounts, we learn, to some \$5000—two thirds of half to be destroyed through sheer carelessness.

THE JUNK.—

Ten of the hands belonging on board Junk, who had received about a month's wages advance, took a boat from her yesterday morning and came ashore, landing at Long Wharf, and immediately made tracks out of town. Officers on duty at the wharf, seeing the boat, and finding interesting two of them, who are now locked up, and others took "leg bail for security," and their whereabouts has not, as yet, been ascertained.—*Register News.*

DEATH OF FATHER AND SON.—

Major Twigg, of the 2nd Regt. N. Y. Militia, was killed by a shot from the hand of Lt. Twigg, who belonged to Major Twigg's command, and who was killed in a guerilla clash during its recent pioneer march from Veracruz to Jalapa. The wife and daughters, mother and four sons, who have no money, but one pension, live in Philadelphia.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE COST OF THE MEXICAN CAMPAIGN.—

The Unioned Republican sums up as follows the losses our troops in the various battles in Mexico: Palo Alto and Resaca, 400 killed and wounded; Monterrey, 500 do.; Chapultepec, 1000 do.; Vera Cruz, 500 do.; Churubusco, 1000 do.; Total, 2500 do. One third of this number probably covers desertions. The losses from skirmishes and from small wars will probably number as many as those in field.

From the East Journal of Friday.

THE INCENDIARISM IN ROXBURY.—

Last evening at eleven o'clock, fire was discovered in the Baptist Church, on Dudley street. It was soon extinguished, but before the pulpits, where the fire was supposed to have originated, were removed, the engines had hardly returned to their houses on the alarm was again sounded. A new house on the back from St. James street, on what is called in fire, and was totally destroyed, although Mr. Nathaniel Page, Jr., and was uninsured for about \$5000.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Poetry.

Where hast thou gleaned to-day?

Ruth 1: 16.

Where hast thou gleaned to-day, Immortal one?
In paths of sensual pleasure, where the flowers
Of earthly fragrance have thy pathway strewn—
And didst thou rest in those terrestrial bowers?
Young Pilgrim! pluck them not, they'll wither on
the way.
But gather that which nourisheth, while yet 'tis
called to-day.

Where hast thou gleaned to-day? In scanty fields
Of poverty and wretchedness and woe?
That barren ground, yet rich instruction yields,
Unfolding lessons it is good to know.
Ne'er may the smiles of Heaven, which hover o'er
thy lot,
Be in the daily sacrifice unnumbered or forgot.

Where hast thou gleaned to-day? Amid the strife
Of those who seek to reap and gather gold?
A cave—leave this waste and weariness of life,
And reap ye—gather ye that wealth untold,
Which to your earthly course will be "the pearl of
price,"
And open for the humble one the gate of Paradise.

Where hast thou gleaned to-day? The ample plain
Where knowledge spreads her banquet—where
the tide
Of intellect sweeps through the broad domain,
In all its depth and power and pomp and pride—
Slay, hast thou grasped at shadows, which the sun
Of pure religion hath not shone upon?

Where hast thou gleaned to-day? From wisdom's
page,
Where truth her heavenly banner hath unfurled?
Where priests and prophets have from age to age,
Foretold the glories of the eternal world?
Thou liest there, Immortal one, nor let thy foot-
steps stray
From him who is the Holy One—"The Life, the
Truth, the Way."

The Child's Last Dream.

S. W. J.

"Look out of the window, dear mother, and see,
My beautiful cloud-car is waiting for me,
It steers as the breeze of morning that fly
With the quickness of thought through the arch of
the sky.

Oh, mother, dear mother, how sweet is the morn,
My cloud-car is ready, I long to be gone;
Never fear for me, mother, my spirits are light,
They would soar of themselves to those regions so
bright.

Let me go—let me go—'tis a glorious morn,
My steeds will not tarry, and I must be gone."

"My son, thou art dreaming," the mother replies,
As she bends o'er the couch where the dying boy
lies.

"Some vision of sleep hath thy senses beguiled,
The morning is cloudless—oh, rest thee, my child."

"No, mother, dear mother, it is not a dream,
I bathed my hot brow in the cool running stream,
I slept, oh! how sweetly! among the fresh flowers,
And cool on my breast fell the gentle dew showers;

I am well, and my spirit is joyous and free,
A thousand sweet voices are calling to me."

"Now sleep thee, my child," said the mother, and
pressed
The form of her loved one in grief to her breast,
Let me sing thee to rest, thou art weary, I know,
Thy cloud-car will tarry—not yet canst thou go."

"Oh, mother, dear mother, they beckon me on,
Now kiss me, I pray thee, and let me be gone,
Oh! hold me not, mother, they're calling me now,
Oh! bright is the garland they've twined for my
brow;

They call me, dear mother, look up when I'm gone,
Now wake thee, I leave thee this glorious morn."

God bless thee, fond mother, left desolate now,
'Tis the cold touch of death on that beautiful brow,
'Look up," nor thus bend o'er the tenantless clay,
Sweet voices from Heaven called the spirit away.

Youth's Visitor.

Religious & Moral.

The Holy Land.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

BETHLEHEM—ZION—JERUSALEM.

As I sat on a tomb in the Turkish cemetery (March 30th), watching the preparations for our departure, I almost dreaded the interest which every day would now bring, after the calm and quiet weeks we had spent in the desert. Instead of the rocks and sands of the desert, Hebron was before our eyes, and the hills where Abraham spread his flocks, and the spot where he and his family lay buried. And before night, I should see the place where David was born, and lived his shepherd life, and where Jesus was born. We had only twenty miles to travel this day to Bethlehem; but that was quite enough, for we were eager about every old tree, and well, and hill-top. The shrubs grew finer, and the wild flowers more abundant, the whole way:—though the hills of Judah were wild and stony in parts, and no longer fit for pasturing such flocks as covered them when Abraham lived among them, or when the Hebrews drove in their cattle from the desert, or when David in his boyhood amused himself with slinging smooth stones from the brook while his father's sheep were feeding on the slopes. We sat down to rest, and eat under the shade of a rock and a spreading tree; and for the hundredth time since we left Egypt, it occurred to me how little we in England can enter into the meaning of David, when, in the divine songs, he speaks of the shade of rocks, and of the beauty of "a tree planted by rivers of water," and all such cool images. When one has been slowly pacing on, hour after hour, over glaring sands or heated rock, under a sun which makes every bit of leather or metal, and every one's outer clothing, feel scorching hot, and oppressing one's very breathing, the sight of a patch of dark shade is welcome beyond belief; and when one has dismounted and felt the coolness of the rocky wall and of the ground beneath it, and gathered the fresh weeds which cluster in its crevices, phrase after phrase

of the Psalms and prophecies comes over one's mind, with a life and freshness as sweet as the blossoms in one's lap.

Our first sight at Bethlehem was beautiful. We came upon it suddenly, just when the yellow sunset light was richest. Bethlehem was on the rising ground on our right, massive looking (as all the villages of Palestine are) and shadowy, as the last sun-rays passed over it to gild the western hills, and another village which there lay high up, embossed in fig and olive orchards. The valley between, out of which we were rising, lay in shadow. Before us, perched on a lofty ridge which rose between us and Jerusalem, was the convent of St. Elias, which we were to pass to-morrow. I was sorry to turn away from this view; but we had to take the right hand road, and ride through the narrow streets of the village to the great convent, built over the spot where Jesus is believed by the friars to have been born.

It was too late this evening to see any of the sacred localities; but it was quite enough to have the moonlight streaming in during the whole night through the window of my lofty convent chamber, and to think that on this hill took place the greatest event in the history of the world; and that in the fields near the gentle Ruth went about her gleanings, little dreaming, in those days of her poverty, that from her meeting with Boaz among the reapers of his harvests would arise such events to the human race; that the shepherd grandchild, whose divine songs were to soothe her old age, should be the mighty king he was, and the father of a yet mightier, who should build the great temple of the Lord, and that a more distant descendant should make these glories appear as childish toys in the presence of his greater sovereignty over the universal human soul. A wise man of a late century has nobly said, that "Prosperity is the promise of the Old Testament, and adversity that of the New." On this hill was born the prosperity of the old dispensation; and on this hill, was born the Man of Sorrows, who knew the secret of true peace, and taught it in the saying, that it profits not a man to gain the whole world if he lose his soul.

From the bottom of the garden, we overlooked the great valley which expanded to the north east; and one enclosure there—a green spot now occupied by olive trees—was pointed out to us as the field where the shepherds were abiding on the night when Christ was born. Behind it, to the east, lay range behind range of hills, stretching off to the north; and among these, we knew, lay the Dead Sea, and the Jordan, where it pours its waters into that lifeless and melancholy lake. As we left the convent and village, and descended the rocky road, with terraced vineyards and olive groves on either hand, we knew that Joseph and Mary must have come by this way from Jerusalem when summoned to the census; and this was more to us than all the sights the friars had shown us in their zeal and kindness. We looked in the tomb of Rachel, and at the convent of Elias; but our eyes and thoughts were bent towards Jerusalem. I remember, however, that here I first saw the waters of the Dead Sea, lying blue in a little gap between the hills.

As soon as I had mounted my ass before the convent of Elias, I saw from our ridge some buildings on the rising ground which now showed itself before us. I was not immediately certain what they were; but the news soon spread among us. The rising ground was Zion, and those buildings belonging to Jerusalem, though they stood outside the wall. Immediately after, the walled city itself came in view, lying along the hills. Most of the party were disappointed. I was not—partly because I knew that we were approaching it from the least favorable side, and partly because my expectations had much underrated the size and grandeur of the city. What we now saw was a line of white walls on a hill side, with some square buildings and small white domes rising within.

I walked the rest of the way. On our right, were hills, the summit of one of which was Acladim, bought by the priests with the money which the wretched Judas returned to them, when he found too late what he had done in his attempt to force his Lord to assert his claim to a temporal sovereignty. On our left was the plain of Rephaim. When we arrived at the brow of the high ground we were on, we were taken by surprise by the grandeur of the scene. Zion now appeared worthy of her name, and of her place in the hymns of David, and in history. We were now overlooking the valley of Gihon, more commonly known by the name of Hinnom. From its depth, and its precipitous rocks on one side, I should call it a ravine. This deep dell contains the Lower Pool, now dry; and the aqueduct from Solomon's Pools is seen crossing it obliquely. Its opposite side is Zion, rising very steeply, still terraced for tillage in some parts, and crowned by the city wall. To the right sweeping away from the ravine of Gihon, is the deep and grand valley of Jehoshaphat, clustered with rocks, relieved by trees, and leading the eye round to the slope of Olivet, which, however, is best seen from the other side of the city. The black dome of the tomb of David was the next object; and after that, the most conspicuous roof in the city—the great dome of the Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of Solomon's Temple.

By this time, there was silence among us. I walked behind our cavalcade, as I slowly ascended the beautiful rocky way—glad of the silence permitted by each, to all; for it was not possible at the moment—nor will it ever be possible—to speak of the impression of that hour. We entered by the Jaffa gate; and every echo of our horses' feet in the narrow, stony, picturesque

streets, told upon our hearts as we said to ourselves that we were taking up our rest in Jerusalem.—*Sharpe's Magazine.*

From the Religious Recorder.

Prayer for the Press.

Messrs. Editors:—In my past experience, I have heard a great deal of *soldiering*, and but very little *praying* about the periodical Press. Now, it occurs to me, that their order should, at least, be *reversed*. If even professed Christians would pray a great deal more, and "fret" a great deal less, if indeed any at all, in contemplating this subject, I doubt not, that both editors and correspondents of public journals would be far better and more useful than they are.

Why should not the potent agency of the Press be made a subject of prayer, both public and private? Next to the Pulpit, the religious Press wields a mighty and important influence, and the power of the secular Press, is, perhaps, not less effective than that of rulers and statesmen. If we need a sanctified pulpit, we need a sanctified religious press; and if our rulers should be better men, so should be the conductors and correspondents of our political and secular periodicals. The amount of good or evil, of weal or woe, of which they are capable, is beyond expression.

Who needs more wisdom and grace than an editor! and who have more need of Divine guidance, than those who find access to the public mind, and sway it powerfully, through the columns of a periodical? The controlling Providence and Spirit of God are necessary to render the Press a blessing, rather than a curse; and I am sure that a "prayer-hearing God" deems this kind of agency and influence of sufficient importance to be presented as an errand before the throne of his mercy.

Let those, then, who have an interest at the throne of grace, be induced to pray for both editors and correspondents. Nor would it be amiss to pray for the swarms of book-makers and pamphleteers of the age, that the great majority of them may be induced either to create far better, or publish none at all.

T. M. V.

The Haunted Ship.

During the last war, one of our frigates captured, in the Pacific, a large English whaler; and to the surprise of the boarding officer, he found the crew manifesting a great desire to get on board the frigate, and evidently quite satisfied, if not actually gratified, that they were captured. On inquiry, it was found that the captured whaler was a haunted ship! The news soon spread through the frigate; the next trouble was, to assemble a willing prize crew to go on board the prize; which trouble might have been a serious one but for the force of discipline. The prize was a large and valuable ship; but she was haunted. The authentic report was, that, during a still night, when no other noise was heard, and no other motion felt than that of the slow, undulating movement of a Pacific ocean sea, a deep and deadly groan was heard below, coming apparently from the after-part of the vessel, and heard distinctly from every open hatchway; and so great was the panic, at last, that the Captain declared he could not induce a man to go below.

The prize-master, on taking possession, pretended to disbelieve the story, and declared that if he heard any groaning, or other ghostly noises, he'd soon find out the cause. As evening approached, the prize-crew began to listen; and, sure enough, when the usual noise of sup-work subsided, and all was silence, a loud, deep, drawn sigh came up through the hatchway, and increased, at intervals, as silence prevailed, till at last a deep and audible groan came forth, that not only huddled the prize-crew into a close fore-castle group, but made their blood curdle, and their teeth chatter. Groan succeeded groan, at short intervals, till at length the voice of the prize-master interposed: "Where does that noise come from? Call all hands." (There was no need of this call, all hands were already on deck.) "Steward! set lights; come, men, arm yourselves, and follow me. I'll have a tussle with this groaner."

He led the way, and the crew followed. On reaching the 'tween decks, he stopped and listened, to get the right direction of the groan. It came, as before, from the after-part of the ship; and so deep, and long-drawn, that it seemed the last life-effort of a Hercules, in an exhausted death-struggle—a full sigh terminating in a groan of agony!

The dauntless prize-master, though armed with a boarding sword, stood, for a moment, petrified. Had he retreated one step, it is quite certain every one of his followers would very soon have been found huddled together again, in a close group on the fore-castle; so terrible was that last groan, and so awful its effect upon the hearts of those, who, on occasion of battle, were found foremost in the fight. But he held his ground,—it was no time to flinch,—and he cheered his men onward, to follow him. They came to a large store-room or stow-hole, through which it was necessary to pass, and began, with the aid of a dim light, held by the trembling steward, to remove some obstructions in the way.

The first thing the prize-master accidentally put his hand on, was the arm, shoulder, and part of the face, of an old, mutilated figure head, which perhaps formerly decorated the prow of the ship. Pulling it out of a mass of old rigging, and holding it up, he exclaimed, "Here's a part of Mr. Ghost; come along, men, we'll get the whole of him, presently." The light was just sufficient to develop the form of a human limb and rigid muscles, and the effect was so appalling upon the steward, that he dropped the lantern. The prize-master, dropped the limb, picked up the lantern,

and pushed on, commanding his men to follow; who, finding themselves in the midst of danger, began to open their eyes, and pluck up courage.

The stow-hole being passed through, they approached what might be called an after-hole or run, stowed with casks. Here, the deep sigh and heavy groan filled every space, though somewhat altered in tone, and less ghost-like. On carefully surveying the scene, a large cask was discovered, with the bung out: at every roll of the ship, a rush of air would pass across the bung-hole, and cause a most unearthly sound. [And here it may as well be stated, that if any skeptic desires to satisfy his doubts, let him take an empty bottle or decanter, with the cork out, and blow across its nozzle: let him magnify this to the size of a large cask, with a large bung-hole, and then he may form some idea of the groan alluded to.]

The bung was found, and replaced, and the groans and death struggle ceased, and the haunted ship turned out to be a good prize. But it was not without its moral, to see the manner, and witness the remarks, of some of the old salts composing the prize-crew, after the discovery was made. Not a mother's son of them was found unable to hitch up with his elbows the waistband of his canvas trousers, and assert "that he never believed in ghosts or hobgoblins, not he; and would just as soon grapple with one as with an Englishman. And as for that groaning, he always thought it was some nonsense or other." But the story got to the frigate, and many a mid watch was enlivened by the variations through which it passed, accompanied by an empty bottle to illustrate the awful groans on board the Haunted Ship.—*N. Y. Am.*

An Alphabet of Short Rules.

WELL WORTH REMEMBERING.

Attend well to your business.
Be punctual in your payments.
Consider well before you promise.
Date to do right.
Envy no man.
Faithfully perform your duty.
Go not in the path of vice.
Have respect for your character.
Infringe on no one's right.
Know thyself.
Lie not, for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never profess what you do not practice.
Occupy your time in usefulness.
Postpone nothing that you can do now.
Quarrel not with your neighbor.
Remember every man for his labor.
Save something against a day of trouble.
Treat every body with kindness.
Use yourself to moderation.
Vilify no person's reputation.
Watchfully guard against idleness.
Xenize you conduct daily.
Yield to superior judgment.
Zealously pursue the right path.

Profanity.

"Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, here we are?"
—*Job.*
—*Yes sir—no.*—*Prof. Morse.*

[Exchange Paper.]

To say nothing of the foolish falsehood of this attempt at wit, the profanity is shocking, unless, indeed, we believe Revelation to be a lie. The paragraph quoted from Job, is a question which is represented as being asked by the Almighty.

"Canst thou," he demands of Job, "send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, here we are?" The answer is totally wanting in wit, because both false and by association grossly profane.

Editors, if they have no reverence themselves, ought to pay some regard to the feelings of their readers. The practice of coining paltry witticisms out of the sayings of Holy Writ, is most reprehensible. Some time since we noticed in several papers the republication of a parody on the Ten Commandments, representing a wife as giving certain instructions to her husband. No man who believed, we will not say in the Divine authority of the Bible, but in the exalted holiness of those commandments, the eternal sacredness of their principles, could venture thus to trifle with them.—There are some sacred things which even a well-mannered infidelity would not touch irreverently; and among these are those commandments which Christ has summed up in two great laws, which Infidels, as well as Christians, acknowledge as of supreme obligation.—*Net. Era.*

The Cholera.

It seems that the progress of the Cholera is still onward—slowly yet constantly advancing westward. It has entered Europe.

"The last intelligence, (says the North American,) that we have from England shows that it is already at Riga, on the Baltic, which seems to be the most eastern point it has reached, and from which it extends in a line S. E., through Kief (Kiew) to Trebizond, on the Black Sea, and farther south, through Asiatic Turkey, into Persia. It made its first appearance in Trebizond on the 8th of September, and in Riga on or before the 12th. Thirty cases were reported in Trebizond on the 11th, described as being 'not very virulent.' About the same number of cases daily, are reported at Erzerum, (near Trebizond,) where one third the cases were fatal. The mortality in the Russian towns is stated at two thirds the number of cases. The disease had not reached Constantinople, where it was, however, almost daily expected, (a fatal case had occurred on the steam packet Sultan, coming from Trebizond,) and where a quarantine of observation had been already established. Rigid quarantine regulations had been instituted at Genoa and Palermo;

and they were talking of it at Malta and Marseilles.

"Looking back to the records of its former occurrence, (from which we may compute its rate of travel,) we find that it made its appearance in Eastern Russia in the fall of 1830: at Moscow, for example, on the 28th of September. It was not until thirteen months afterwards that it reached England, (it broke out at Sunderland on the 28th Oct., 1831,) and it was not until the 8th of June, 1832, that it appeared at Quebec, upwards of twenty months after its appearance at Moscow. Anticipating for it a similar rate of progression now, (and experience shows a remarkable uniformity, generally speaking, in its advance,) there would seem little occasion to expect its appearance in England before next October, or in America before the summer of 1849."

Whether it will come more or less rapidly we cannot predict. The part of wisdom is, while preparing all that science can suggest to lessen or avert its malignity, to be always ready, that death may not take us unawares. Would that we could indulge the hope that all the victims to its power might be prepared for the change which it brings.—*Chr. Chron.*

VERY STRANGE, BUT VERY TRUE.—On Trinity Sunday last a remarkable incident occurred in a rural parish on the banks of the Tyne, which our informant communicates to us under the appropriate heading of "A Romance of Real Life." The incumbent of the parish being absent, the curate contrary to custom, was the morning preacher, and the congregation saw no reason to lament the change. The discourse was of the first order of eloquence and ability. Its value was appreciated by every hearer, and its author was the object of general admiration. "He would one day be a bishop" was prophesied on all hands. Nay, some few (and they were not far wrong) would have him to be an archbishop! An error, however, in giving out the text awakened inquiry, and even suspicion; and one prying churchman, who had the means of examination at hand, discovered at home that the sermon was Tillotson's! In the afternoon the incumbent, who had returned in the interval, mounted the pulpit to preach. He gave out his text, and to the astonishment of the congregation, it was the same as the curate's, mistake and all! The sermon, too, was Archbishop Tillotson's! Incumbent and curate had alike been regardless of the eighth commandment.—*Gateshead Observer.*

POWER OF IMAGINATION.—The influence of the imagination on the nervous system, has, on some occasions, produced effects bordering on insanity. The following, which we copy from an exchange paper, is a case in point:

A few years since, Elijah Barns, of Pennsylvania, killed a rattlesnake in his field without any injury to himself, and immediately after put on his son's waistcoat, both of one color. He returned to his house, and on his attempting to button his waistcoat, he found to his astonishment that it was much too small. His imagination was now wrought to a high pitch, and he instantly conceived the idea that he had been bitten imperceptibly by the snake, and was thus swollen from its poison. He grew suddenly very ill, and took to his bed.—The family, in great alarm and confusion, summoned three physicians, and the usual remedies were prescribed and administered. The patient, however, grew worse every minute, until at length his son came home with his father's waistcoat dangling about him. The mystery was instantly unfolded, and the patient, being relieved from his imaginary apprehensions, dismissed his physicians, and was restored to health.

LOOK HIGHER.—Those, sure, must be little, narrow souls, that can make themselves a portion and a sufficiency out of what they enjoy here,—that think of no more, that desire no more. For what is this life but a circulation of little, mean actions? We lie down and rise again; dress and undress; feed and wax hungry; work or play, and are weary; and then we lie down again, and the circle returns. We spend the day in trifles; and when the night comes, we throw ourselves into the bed of folly, among dreams, and broken thoughts, and wild imaginations. Our reason lies asleep by us; and we are, for the time, as arrant brutes as those that sleep in the stalls or in the field. Are not the capacities of man higher than these? and ought not his ambition and expectations be greater? Let us be adventurers for another world.—*Burnet.*

If everything here below happened as thou couldst wish, in every particular, even the most minute, and fulfilled the least as well as the greatest of thy desires, thou wouldst gain nothing but the awakening of a greater desire, not to be gratified by anything earthly.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

COLD BED-ROOMS.—A person accustomed to undress in a room without a fire, and to seek repose in a cold bed, will not experience the least inconvenience, even in the severest weather. The natural heat of his body will very speedily render him even more comfortably warm than the individual who sleeps in a heated apartment, and in a bed thus artificially warmed; the latter will experience a sensation of chilliness as soon as the artificial heat is dissipated. But this is not all; the constitution of the former will be rendered more robust, and far less susceptible to the influence of atmospheric vicissitudes than that of the latter.—*Four. of Health.*

Some men use no other means to acquire respect, than by insisting on it; and it sometimes answers their purpose, as it does a highwayman's in regard to money.—*Shenstone.*

BISHOP SOUTHGATE AND HIS MISSION.

The Episcopal Board of Missions, at New York, have had an exciting debate on the question of sustaining Bishop Southgate at Constantinople. Strong language was used on both sides, counter statements were made, and some very false and ignorant remarks were offered about the inability of Congregationalists to give the Gospel acceptably to the Armenians. It was decided, however, to sustain the mission, by a vote of 20 to 45.—*But. Rep.*

A large retinue upon a small income, like a large cascade upon a small stream, tends only to discover its tenuity.—*Shenstone.*

Soul-piercing perfections are far better than skin-deep fairness.—*Faller.*

God does not palliate cures, what he heals it holds.—*Faller.*

An ounce of mirth, with the same degree of grace, will serve God farther than a pound of sadness.—*Faller.*

Advertisements.

Physician and Surgeon.

J. C. JACKSON, M. D., late of Philadelphia, respects, and vouches, having enjoyed the advantages of the extensive practice of Pennsylvania Hospital, the Hospital, and several Dispensaries in that city, he feels competent to treat disease in any of its forms. Office Union Hall Building, Main street, where he may be found during the night.

Sept. 17, 1847.

"THIRD GIN FROM THE PEOPLE'S STORE,"

for 1847.

WE HAVE DONE AS WE PROMISED, AND IN THE CARPET AND DRY GOODS line we have swept the board.

THE FAMOUS STORE at the corner of MAIN and MOORE STREETS, known as the PEOPLE'S STORE, has carried all before it this Spring, and while others (in the trade) are complaining of "dull times," we have been crowding—our secret is given in a few words—we have the goods, and we sell them cheap.

In the Carpet line, though we have for years taken the lead, this season caps the climax, and we have retailed more goods than for years at former prices, three fold, and the secret is given—WE SELL CHEAP.

Imperial Three Ply, for 45 cents.

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The best quality, and at the lowest prices, to be had in the city.

Customers daily examine the article, look down town at the same quality, and return and buy at the PEOPLE'S STORE.

Facts speak louder than words, and the proof is, we sell the cheapest.

PAPER HANGINGS, LOOKING GLASSES,

HAIR MATRESSES,

we offer at prices that always insure a sale; we know of no successful competition in the city. In our line of business, and when the older dealers call us "boys," and try by false statements to ruin our trade, we laugh at their futile attempts—we have chosen a course for ourselves, to wit:—To Sell a Large Amount of Goods, and sell them cheap; while we are backed up by the crowd of customers that daily visit the "People's Store," we shall continue to do so; when they wish us to charge to the high prices that are daily asked down town, we shall do so, and not before. We go upon the plan of Fair Trade and No Monopolies.

All of which is respectfully submitted by the proprietor of THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

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ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

INCORPORATED in 1819, for the purpose of insuring against fire and damage by fire only; Capital \$250,000, secured and vested in the best possible manner—offer to take risks on terms as favorable as other Offices. The business of the Company is principally confined to risks in the country, and is conducted so that its capital is not exposed to great losses by sweeping fires. The Office of the Company is kept in their new building, next west of Treat's Exchange Office House, State street, where constant attendance is given for the accommodation of the public.

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Hartford, Jan. 1847.

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Office North side State House Square, between U. S. Hotel and Eagle Tavern.

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